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1. Prologue

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A hidden clearing exists within the forest, filled with sleeping cats during the shimmering half-moon. An old gray she-cat sits within the clearing, eyes glazing the stars littering the skies, her pelt shining blue in the moonlight. The sounds of peaceful slumbering drum in her ears.

Soon, movement is heard. A beautiful tortoise-shell she-cat pads towards her, troubled. The gray cat dips her head in a greeting of respect.

"How is Mousefur?" She murmured, wary lacing her voice.

"Her wounds are deep, Bluestar," The tortoise-shell cat sighs, taking a seat next to her in the cool grass. "But Mousefur is strong, she shall recover quickly."

"And the others?"

"All the same."

Bluestar releases her held breath, dipping her head. "No warriors lost this time, you are a blessing from StarClan." Bluestar glances at the she-cat, a relieved smile plasters her lips. "Thank you, Spottedleaf." Her smiles drops as soon as it came, her head tilting up towards the stars. "I'm deeply troubled by tonight's defeat, Spottedleaf. ThunderClan has never been beaten in it's own territory since I had became leader," she voices, her eyes closing in dreariness. "Times are difficult for our clan. The season of Newleaf is late, and fewer kits have come. This stunt of warriors will cause the clan's suffering."

"Bluestar, the year has only just begun," Spottedleaf spoke calmly, like a queen would comfort her kit. "Greenleaf's arrival always brings more kits."

Bluestar's broad shoulders twitched. "Perhaps, but training the

young takes time. ThunderClan needs warriors *now,* we've lost in our own territory, we cannot show weakness and let the clans think for a moment they can win against us."

"Oh, Bluestar. Are you going to ask StarClan for answers?" Spottedleaf sighs in worry, ears dropping to the side of her head as she moves her attention to the stars as well.

"We are in a time where only the words of our ancestors can guide us, has StarClan spoken to you?" Bluestar's gaze wanders to Spottedleaf, gently and hope-filled, before returning to the endless moon-lit sky.

"Not for some moons, Bluestar."

A shooting star grazes across the night sky, signaling a sign has shown. Spottedleaf twitches, eyes seeming distant from reality.

Bluestar remains still, breath held in hope for assistance, clear assistance at that. Spottedleaf's gaze remains dreamy.

After many heartbeats, Spottedleaf returns from the trance. She swallows shakily, pupils shrunken.

"A message has come..." She murmurs, gaze turning to the dirt. "Fire finds two paths, savior and destruction. One must guide it the right way."

"Fire?!" Bluestar raises in disbelief, her eyes shooting to Spottedleaf. "But fire is feared by all clans, all of the forest! How could *fire* be our savior?"

"I do not know," Spottedleaf returns Bluestar's stare. "Yet this is the message StarClan has brung."

"Spottedleaf, you have never been wrong before..." Bluestar sighs, her ears dripping. "So be it. We must find fire before any other cat,"

"And guide it to StarClan's will."